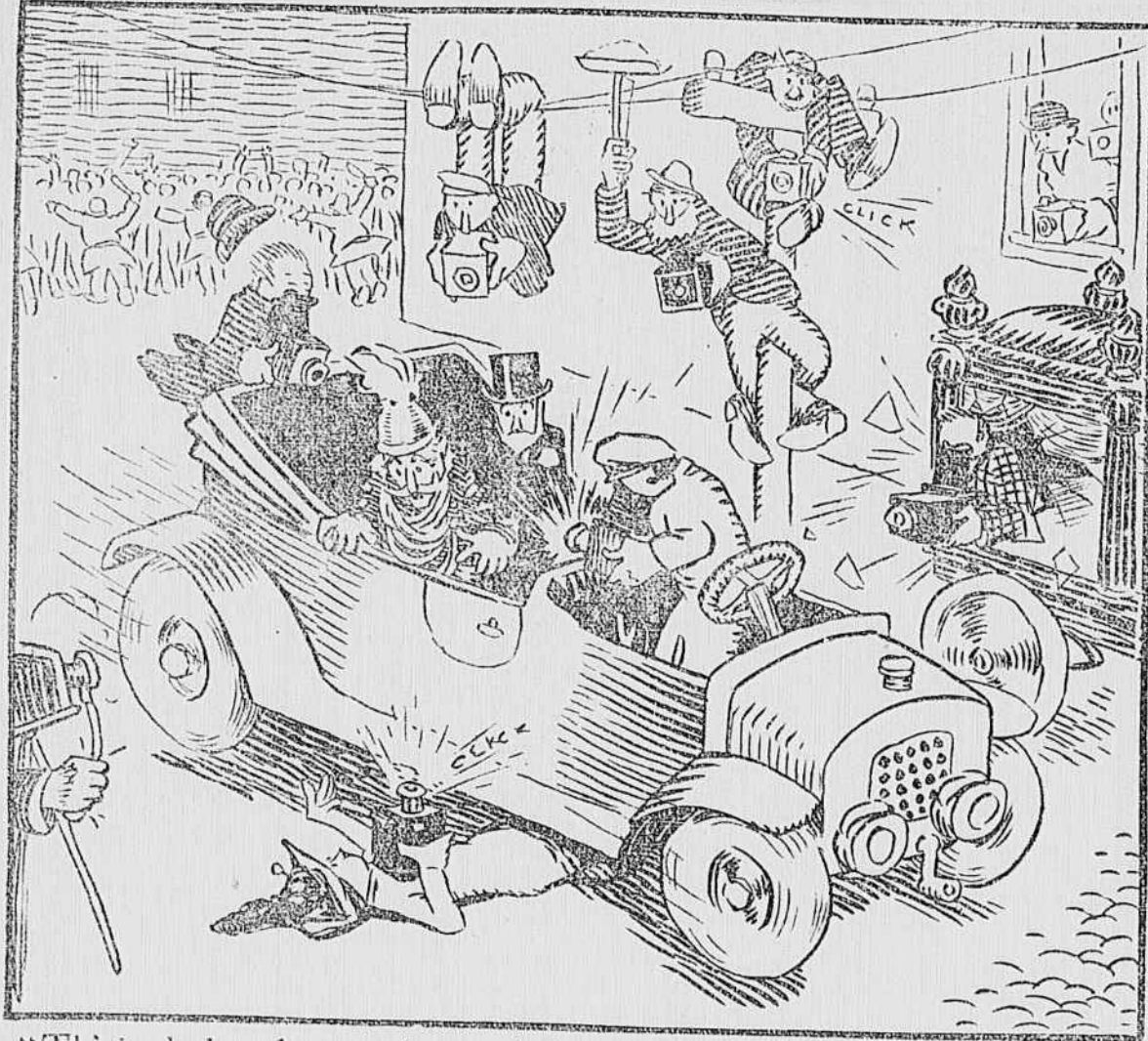


MR. DOOLEY ON PAYING HOMAGE TO ROYALTY.

By FINLEY PETER DUNNE



"Th' jook laned over her an' she took a pitcher iv him."

"Whin th' Gookwar iv Barooma was inthrojooced he asked, 'What name?'"

MR. HENNESSY was much disturbed over a recent visit of members of a royal family to New York.

"Who's this jook iv Connaught, anny-who?" he demanded. "Who elicited him?"

"I'll niver tell ye," said Mr. Dooley. "I lived th' better part iv me life, th' first ten years, within a stone's throw iv Connaught an' often threw it an' I niver heard tell iv him. But jook he is whether Connaught knows it or not. Ye see, Hinnessy, 'tis this way: I undherstand be th' pa-apers that he's a brother iv th' late king iv England. So whin he come to be baptized 'twas up to him to pick out some part iv th' king's realms to rule over. I don't know why this is so, but 'tis so. Well, not bein' very machure at th' time, he thought Connaught was part iv th' king's realms; th' poor, misguided infant, an' he picked it out fr' himself. Whin he grew up he larned diff'rent, but th' it was too late to correct th' mistake. But he don't live in Connaught. Life manes too much to him. He ain't a member iv th' Connaught man's association. If ye're thinkin' iv writin' him askin' permission to go back 'twill do ye no good. A letter addressed to him in his rile dukedom wud be returfed be th' postmaster marked: 'No such party known here.'"

"Well, th' poor man found th' time hangin' heavy on his hands, so his nephew, that's king iv England now, sint him out to govern Canada. Whin th' jook got there he found Canada was so thurly governed already be th' Canajien Passyfic railroad that there was hardly anny governin' left fr' him to do. All th' governin' th' gov'nor g'n'ral iv Canada does is larnin' to skate an' goin' to his wife's parties. Th' jook is a smart man an' active, an' whin he cud stand it no longer he up an' wrote to his nephew an' says he: 'Ye must find me a job. I have a large family an' I need wurruk. I can't stay around th' house all day.'"

"Th' king was in India at th' time lettin' his lile subijcks see him. 'Tis an idee iv kings that they have to be seen be their subijcks to keep thim lile. I think 'tis a mistake. If I was a king th' only way wan iv me subijcks end see me wud be to peek through th' blinds an' thim I'd have him kill to keep him fr'm tellin' th' others what he saw. But, annyhow, th' king was enthusiastically rayceived. Wan pa-aper says: 'Th' silence as his majesty proceeded through th' gr-reat throngs iv dark-hued natives was far, far more impressive thim mere cheerin'. On'y wan thing marred th' visit. This was whin th' Gookwar iv Barooma, a fellow with no more manners thim a throlley car conductor, was inthrojooced. Instead iv doin' th' customary Whitelaw Reid in th' rile prinsince this here stevedore was heerd to say: 'What name?' an' atther ethrikin' a match on th' sole iv his shoe walked off smokin' a cigarette. There was th' divile to pay over this break. Th' Indian governin' sint a letter to th' Gookwar demandin' an apology. I don't know what they were goin' to do to him if he didn't crawl—maybe they cud put him in jail or p'raps rayjooced him to th' ranks an' sint him out to pound th' pavemint. Anyhow he took no chances. He wrote a letter sayin' he meant no disrespect, but he was thinkin' iv something else."

"Where was I? O, yes. Well, whin th' king got th' jook's demand fr' wurruk he says to him-

self: 'I must do something fr' Uncle Arthur, fr' he was good to me whin I was a boy, an' he sits down an' writes to him: 'I'm sorry there's so little left. Ye shud've spoke arlier. But I'll tell ye what ye might do. Th' on'y wan iv me provinces that I haven't paid much attintion to is th' City iv New York, an' I've been so sure iv the lilety iv ivrybody there that has anny loose change in his pants pocket—an' they're all that count—that I haven't thought 'twas nicissry. But do ye jump on a thrain an' go down an' look thim over an' if ye like th' place ye can have it. So th' jook he went to New York."

"I'll say this about th' methropolis iv this country: it sizes people up right. Ye can guess a man's worth within a dollar be th' way New York rayceives him. Whin th' prisdint iv th' United States goes there to break his silence in public Officer O'Callyhan iv th' Thraffic Squad is always sint, if he ain't too busy, to meet him an' escort him to wheriver he wants to go. Sometimes th' chief iv polis fr'gits or O'Callyhan is in court to prosecute a dhrayman, an' thim Arehey Butts on'y has to tellyphone down to headquarters fr' a polisman to keep away th' crowds. Whin he comes th' pro-cission proceeds up Fifth avnoo. Th' order iv th' p'rade is as follows:

Polisman (on horseback).

Th' prisdint (in carriages).

"Up th' sthreet sweeps th' martial array. Th' sidewalks are thronged with patriotic Americans goin' to an' fro, an' beautiful American ladies ladin' little dogs. Flags fly in th' breeze

in front iv a hotel showin' that th' Crown Prince iv Pattygonyia is stoppin' there. Th' pro-cission is niver interrupted but waunst, an' thim it is held up at a crossin'. But th' escort has on'y to raise his hand an' say: 'It's all r-right, Mike, it's Taft, an' they go on an' th' crossin' copper is so overwhelmed that he lets a pie wagon go through, too."

"But whin th' jook iv Connaught went to New York it took most iv th' polis foorce to keep th' crowd away fr'm th' depot. Assembled on th' platform was th' American ambassadeure to London an' many iv th' most richly veiled ladies iv our old nobility. Th' thrain was two, minyits late, an' th' American ambassadeure cud not stand the sthrain but fell in a faint an' was removed to his home in an ambulance. As th' rile fam'ly stepped onto th' platform th' assembled ladies fell to their knees an' remained in this graceful posture till th' jook an' his party were smuggled into a freight ilivator to avoid th' photygrafters. Th' ilivator stopped half way up to th' street flure. 'What's th' matter?' says th' jook. 'I am a photygraft fr'm th' Avnia Fluff,' says th' ilivator man. 'Stand just as ye ar-re. No, move a little to wan side. There ye ar-re. That's all finished. Goin' up,' he says. Escorted be th' strong ar'm squad th' rile fam'ly got to th' ambassadeure's autymobile. Whin they were seated th' shover turned, hauled out a camera an' fired. 'Who ar-re ye?' demanded th' jook. 'I am th' official photygraft iv th' Wur-kin' Ladies' Advocate,' says th' young fellow. An' I must get down to th' office in a hurry. Ye'll

find th' rig'lar shover bound an' gagged in th' cellar in th' depot,' he says an' hurrid away."

"An' so it went. Fifty thousan' lile cameras were livelled at thim as they rode up th' splendid avnoo. A lady fell in front iv th' autymobile an' whin th' jook laned over her to ask her if she was hurted she took a pitcher iv him, an' wan entherprisin' fellow concealed himself in a hearse till they came by, whin he snapped thim. An' fr' th' nex' three days nawthin' was printed in th' pa-apers but th' pitchers an' if th' prisdint had wanted to get a proclymation iv war with Germany published he'd 've had to pay a dollar a line fr' it."

"How did I larn all this? Frim me favrite journal, iv course, a pa-aper devoted to th' inthrests iv th' wurrukin people iv this country, be hivens. Why, th' iditor iv this pa-aper wud cut off th' heads iv ivry king or potintate iv th' wurruled with wan blow iv his shears if he had th' chanet. But he feels it's his jooty to iddycate his readers so that if th' czar iv Rooshya shud drop in fr' a saucer iv tay in th' back flat iv twinty-sivin hundhred an' ilivin B Kusiusko street, th' people wud know how to act right. Ye ought to read this palojem in our liberties. Now what wud ye do if a nimber iv th' rile fam'ly shud call on me as he pretty surely wud if he come to Chicago? Like as not whin him an' me had give a che other th' high sign iv two men in akl station iv life, ye'd stick out ye'er fist at him an' say, 'Plazed to meet ye.' If ye did I'd have to throw ye into th' sthreet. I wud so. Whin a free born American citizen meets a

king or anny iv his fam'ly th' idee is he must duck as deep as he can without losin' his balance an' buttin' th' rile personage in th' stomach. How far he'll go over depends on th' build. A man iv my shape wud be required to do no more thim sink his chin into his collar till it hurt. But a little, thim fellow like ye'erself must bend over till his back is all but broke. An' ye mustn't open ye'er mouth, mind ye, or ye'll be thru out, unless th' king asks ye to. If he taps ye on th' shouldher an' says: 'Say something, me man,' ye can cut loose till he shoves ye away."

"Th' exercise with American ladies is more severe. Whin an American lady is up against riley 'tis entirely proper fr' her to swoon away. Manny have done so, but 'tis not often practised because iv its inconvenience. Th' r-right an' consarvative thing fr' her to do is to pretend to suddenly lose her left leg an' sink as near to th' flure as possible without fallin'. She can't have anny outside assistance. If she grabs hold iv a chair she's out. It's up to her to detarmine what her strenth will stand. If her lilety is gr-reater thim her agility she's in fr' a bump. On th' other hand, if she don't go down as deep as she can without breakin' something she need niver come ar-round again. I see that wan New York lady has practised this manoever in a gymnasium till she can drop th' left knee to th' flure wan hundhred an' forty-five times without losin' a button. Iv course it won't stop here. Th' king iv England himself is comin' to this country next year an' us Americans ar-r too devoted to th' throne to niglet anny exertion no matter how dangerous to show how we feel. A mere ginuflexion may be good enough fr' a jook, but whin th' rale article arrives we'll show him what a young an' active people can do in these here gymnastics. I expict to r-read in th' pa-apers this spring: 'Mrs. Solder-jint, wife iv th' well known (wholesale) plumber, is practising a hand-spring which she will do whin presented to his majesty. Mrs. Lottson will rely on her cilly-brated crouch an' spring. Mrs. Van Rhinestone will do a head-spin.' But th' ladies iv th' older arrystocracy will prob'ly stick to th' simple customs iv their ancestors an' go by his majesty on their hands an' knees."

"I wonder how it's all goin' to come out, Hinnessy. Since th' news got around iv how well we threat kings in this country ivry potintate in th' wurruled is gettin' r-ready to come over here on a spree. Suppose th' king iv Beloochystan shud take it into his head to pay us a visit. If Hogan is tellin' me th' thruth th' on'y way ye can approach this here monarch is be wriglin' up on ye'er stomach. An' we'd have to do it or maybe he'd niver come back."

"They ought to be ashamed iv thimselves," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Sure, what diff'rence does it make?" said Mr. Dooley. "Doc Larkin says it's good fr' him. Says he: 'If they do it often enough 'twill rayjooced th' weight an' 'tis fine fr' th' abdominal muscels. If as many kings comes here as their press agents promise, these here nobly bor-rn ladies will get almost as much exercise as if they did th' fam'ly washin'."

"What wud ye do if ye were a king an' come to this country?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "there's wan thing I wudden't do. I wudden't r-read th' Declaration iv Independence. I'd be afraid I'd die laughin'."

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